

Splintered

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Summary: My thoughts were splintered, but I knew one thing: I needed him away. Not all the apologies he gave me could fix this.

Post-sequel. Spoilers. Rated T for death.

Splintered

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**A/N: Hey guys :D new one shot for HTTYD2. I had to write it. I'm sorry. **

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><p>It's all over within seconds, though I'm not sure how. One minute, I'm standing behind my dad, watching as the fire in Toothless' throat glows white-hot; next second, I'm flung away as easily as a rag doll, my arms covering my head, closing my eyes. I don't see the debris raining down all around me, I just hear it. And I cover my ears against it as best I can. My thoughts come in splintered, fragmented blips.<p>

How could

alpha dragon

big fireball

lots of ice

alpha dragon

trance

Toothless was

trance

trance

Toothless how could you

I didn't think

no this isn't

best friends

what happened

I hear loud thuds from not far off, and then all is still again. I'm still not sure whether it's okay to look up. I'm scared that I'll see Toothless, and that I'll have to make my decision then. But he was never really going to hurt me, I tell myself confidently, lifting my head cautiously and trying to peer around the smoke and rubble. He was never really going to hurt me, he was just being controlled by the alpha.

I crawl slowly out of my hiding place, looking around for him. Where is he? I'm half-tempted to call his name, but he might still be in that trance, and if he is, I don't want to startle him.

There's something furry, something large, half-crushed beneath the ice, but I can't tell what it is. And then, the moment I take a half-step closer, crawling on my hands and knees, my breath catches in my throat. Because I know what that is now. I recognize it as my father's cloak, flung carelessly over the ice shards. He must have been buried beneath the ice that Toothless' fire hit. But he's okay, I tell myself, even as I scramble frantically over to him and peel up the icy bits to get a good look. He has to be.

"Dad!" I try to turn him over, to get a good look at his face, sinking to my knees beside him. Any second now, he's going to pop up, the color's going to come flooding back into his face and he's going to laugh. Probably going to tease me about how high-pitched my voice is, how scared I sound. _So why isn't he doing that?_

"Stoick!" I hear Mom screaming behind me, reaching for him as well. "Stoick!"

"Dad!" I repeat, staring into his bloodless face, the eyes squeezed tightly closed. "Dad, c'monâ€¦!"

But Mom leans down and puts her ear to his chest, waiting for his heart to say the final word. And I can tell that the words it said, or more like the words it didn't say, are the saddest she has ever heard. Because she slowly shakes her head as a dark cloud passes over her eyes. And a part of me knows then, knows that he's not going to open his eyes, that it's not happening, but another part of me insists on clinging on.

"No!" I shout at her, wanting her to do anything but contradict me. "No!" How can the invincible chieftain be gone? He has survived so muchâ€¦how could heâ€¦?

"No!" I repeat myself, but this time it's a cry of hopelessness and not of denial. I can't fight the tears that start streaming down my face, but I'm not trying to. I put my forehead on my father's chest, knowing that I won't hear anything, just like Mom. So I cry harder, and then I cry even harder when I really don't hear anything, because even though I knew it wouldn't, it doesn't prepare me. I feel my mom putting an arm around my shoulders, trying to wrap me in a hug, and I feel people surrounding us, Astrid's gentle hands, Snotlout's shocked gasps, but I don't look up because I can't.

Something scaly touches my fingers, something with a moan and a croon that I recognize. The very person that I swore would never hurt me. I raise my head and stare as Toothless tries to fight his way over to me, to look at Dad, to see it for himself, and white-hot hatred flares suddenly. I never even knew I could feel so angry.

"NO!" My yell is so loud, it hurts even my own ears. "No, get away from him!" I try to pry Toothless off, but the dragon is already backing away, looking so sad and innocent. Should I feel guilty? No, I shouldn't. I can't believe what he just did. "The alpha made me" is no excuse for what he's done. There aren't enough how could yous in the world for me to convey what I'm feeling. "Get away!" I repeat myself for emphasis, and he backs off, moaning and cooing in apology. But I don't want apologies. I want my dad back, and no matter how many apologies he gives me, he can't do that. So I don't want his apologies. I just want him to go away, and I don't ever want to see him again.

End
file.